New Stock Just In. Portage Lake News

Big Stock of Men's and Children's Clothing to Choose from.

Ties. Latest

And Other Gents' Furnishings.

We are going to keep our stock up to W. A. WASHBURN & CO.

FOR SALE!

THE MICHIGAN HOUSE, Corner of Oak and Sixth Streets, Red Jacket.

Lot 23 and 24, block 13, Calumet, known as he George's property on Lake Linden road. Lots 1 and 2, block 9, Tamarack City.

Also improved and unimproved Farm Lands for sale and to lease. A large lot of Timbered Lands, in this and adjoining county, for sale. Abstracts of Title furnished. Taxes paid

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED.

J. A. SHERMAN, Room S. Strobel Bld., Houghton, Mich.

McGLYNN BROS..

CONTRACTORS & BUILDERS

O' all kinds of brick and stone work.
Prices on application.

HANCOCK MICH.

Wanted:-Persons who are n need of help, or want employment, or have something they wish to sell or exchange or have houses to rent or wish to rent houses to advertise in the Want Column of the EVERING NEWS. No better means can be had to fill

R. R. TIME-TABLES.

Passenger Trains on M. R. R. R.

In Effect December 29, 1895.

*Daily *Daily except Sunday.

Passeuger Trains on H. & C. R. R

am p m p m Lv
7.45 12 15 5.00 Lake Line an 8.20 2.50 9.55
1.47 12 17 5.02 Linewood 8.18 2.28 9.50
1.50 12 15 5.06 8 L Linden 8.15 2.28 9.50
1.50 12 15 5.06 8 L Linden 8.15 2.28 9.50
1.50 12 15 5.10 Mills 8.10 2.20 9.45
8.01 12 35 5.10 Mills 8.10 2.20 9.45
8.01 12 35 5.10 Dollar Bay 7.56 2.08 9.28
8.25 12 55 5.40 Hancock 7.40 1.60 9.15
8.20 1.05 5.55 Houghton 7.20 1.40 9.05
am p m p m Ar

Daily. †Daily except Sunday.



Time Table:

In effect June 21, 1896, TRAINS LEAVE HOUGHTON

TRAINS ARRIVE HOUGHTON

For tickets, time tables and other information apply to J. H. FORD, Ticket Agt.

Red Jacket Mich

Map of





PULLMAN BUFFET SLEEPING CARS. SECRET HEAFFORD, Chicago,

The Kramer Murder **Case Again Attracts** Interest.

A Finlander Is Arrested.

Some Suspicious Acts Done By Him at the Time of the Murder-

Other News. Hancock was all wrought up yester day over the rumor that the Kramer murderers had been arrested, even arrested and put safely behind the bars. The rumor had considerable foundation, though the progress of detection did not go so far as reported. Emma Matson, s ander woman of the Franklin, applied to Justice Finn and Marshal Malherbe for protection against John Sir monen, who had made threats against her Her grounds for fearing Sirmonen were good ones. It seems that Mrs. Matson had told another woman of the Franklin that she knew Sirmonen knew comething about the bloody taking off of old Mr. and Mrs. Kramer. She even said she knew of him having bloody clothes in his possession at the time of the murder. The second woman naturally told her husband, who spoke of it in the mine, and it came to Sirmonen's cars and hence his threats and the woman's

A peace warrant was sworn out before Justice Finn and Marshal Malherbe yesterday afternoon arrested Sirmonen, and he was bound over to keep the peace. Of course the woman's story will be thoroughly investigated. The officers appear reticent as to just what she can make known, though they say another man is in it with Sirmonen. The story at first current was that

Mrs. Matson had sure knowledge that two Finlanders, who lived at the Franklin at the time of the murder, were the actual perpetrators and that the clother they wore at the time, of course covered with blood, were hidden in the third level of the mine. They had gone away right after the murder and only recently returned, and it was fear of the conse quences for her remarks about them that made the woman disclose what she knew at this time.

The Marquette Journal says the local amateurs that recently presented the "Chimes of Normandy" in that city are considering coming to Houghton. It bespeaks a good house for them, both as a matter of reciprocity and because the manner in which the charming opera is rendered deserves it. The Houghton and Hancock people that have visited the Queen City with a like purpose in the past together with their friends will, no doubt, embrace the opportunity of returning the liberal patronage they received, and the Marquette ladies and gentlemen composing the cast of the "Chimes" may be certain of a remunerative trip and pleasant time if they decide to come to the copper country.

The following is the criminal calendar for the August term of the circuit court: People vs John W. Clayton, murder. People vs James Glanville, assault with in-

People vs Dayid J. Simansky, assault with intent to commit rape.

People vs Henry Raspana, obtaining money

nder false pretenses. People vs John Plantz, bastardy.

People vs John Srick Tappio, violation of

People vs John Gestel, violation of liquo

Court convenes August 3, but the jury is not summoned to appear until Tuesday. August 4, the second day of the term. Applicants for full citizenship papers should be present with witnesses on the first day of the term.

Court Rene Mesnard and the other courts of Foresters in this vicinity are already prepared to welcome to Hancock omorrow brothers of the order whom they expect from this county and other parts of the Upper Peninsula. A big day is expected and Hancock's well-known hospitality and magnificent grove to spend the afternoon and evening in will no doubt draw a big crowd.

Before my departure in September wish to dispose of two upright pianos, one violin in case, one mahogany pierglass, one mahogany secretaire, one ladies' writing desk, a complete set of "Famous Composers and Their Works," "Famous Compared and several other things.

MISS A. HANSEN,

Third house east of railroad crossing, West Hancock.

The Houghton base ball club will go to Calumet to play the Calumet club tomor row and on Sunday afternoon a return game will be played at the Mining School park. Renwick and Soddy, the wellknown battery, will occupy the points for Calumet in one of the games.

The colors of the bachelors on July 28 will be red and the benedicts will be adorned with blue, a very significant color. Manager Kendall expects all the young ladies to wear red in honor of his

A. D. Pettit, of Ithaca, Mich., has arrived in Hancock. He has formed a partnerahip with Mr. Wilbur, of the Progress, and will more especially attend to the outside work of that paper.

Kirkharts & Ryan,s circus will show in Hancock, Tuesday, July 28, Since the great success of Ringling Bros. circus, the copper country is being over-run with tented shows.

Mrs. Edward Demar left yesterday for his home in Milwankee. She will visit a day or two in Marquette en route.

Mr. and Miss Crape, of Chicago, are the guests of T. L. Chadbourne and family of East Houghton.

FLASHED INTO EXISTENCE.

flow Daubigny Studied a Door All Day to Paint a Picture.

Paint a Fictors.

Charles Neel Flagg of New York tells interesting stories of bohemian life in Paris in the seventies.

"I was at Honfleur one summer," said Mr. Flagg, "when the Daubigny—father and son—were there. I have always thought Daubigny the strongest and sanest landscape painter in the Barbizon group, and it was interesting to see how he worked and how he taughthis son. This son was a man of brilliant talent, who died soon after, unfortntalent, who died soon after, unfortu-nately. He would take an enormouras out into the field and cover it in an hour and a half—this was to get composition, massing of light and shade, etc.—and then his father would come and criticise it. Some of these big swift things were shown in the salon after-ward. The painters used to contribute in one way or another to the fine old int where we stopped, and the landlord wanted young Daubigny to paint the panel of a certain door. At last the ter promised to do it the next morning. I resolved to see that thing done so I got up before dawn, planted myseli in the old dining room at a good point of view and pretended to sketch from the window. Pretty soon young Dau-bigny came down professed to be not in the least disturbed by me, so I staid. He sat down in front of the door and looked at it hard for an hour or so Then he got up and viewed it from diferent angles. Then he gazed at it from the end of the room. Then he sat down again. The hours came and went, and still he was studying that door, with carcely a pause for meals. By afternoon was nearly wild; if he didn't open hi paintbox soon. I would smash the At last, at the beginning of twilight. presto!-I was too excited to see. All in a minute a few lightnings flashed ou from him, and there was the miracle! And breathlessly I realized that he had been painting that picture all day."-Chicago Times-Herald.

MAKING A MINE.

ne Instances It Costs Nothing-I Others the Cost Is Millio There are no hard and fast rules in regard to making a mine from the time t passes into the prospector's hands un til it becomes a dividend payer. Many mines are such, as the miners say. "from the grass roots," and turn out large quantities of ore from the begin-

ning.

J. B. Haggin, the millionaire min owner, took \$3,000,000 from the Custer mine, in Lemhi county, Ida., before it became necessary to use a candle (giant powder). This mine was known as the Mineral mountain. A man camalong one day, and after looking at it remarked, "Why, the hanging wall is gone." This was true. Nature had as-sisted the miner in this case; the mountain side had been eroded, leaving th mineral standing there. Mr. Haggin also spent about \$3,000,000 in developing the Anaconda mine before it was or

paying basis. Mines have been discovered contain ing fabulous wealth, although a pros pector would starve to death in trying to work them. This was true in regar to the Homestake mine, in the Black Hills. The prospectors who made the discovery could do nothing with it, and it passed into the hands of Senator Hearst and other California capitalists. They concluded that, unless it was worked on a large scale, it could not be made profitable. An 80 stamp mill was ordered and shipped in from Cheyenne at a cost of \$135,000, as an experiment The mine has paid in dividends \$27,500 month for 17 years.

It requires a large amount of mone usually to put a mine on a dividen paying basis, and, as a rule, this the prospector cannot do, although prospect-ors have made fortunes with their properties. —Spokane Spokesman-R

Tradition.

What an enormous "camera obs magnifier is tradition. How a grows in the human memery, i human imagination, when level heart is there to encourage it. without date or document, is leed.
Arundel marble, only here and to some dull monumental caire. - C...:

When times are good, people pa their money in stocks, but when tim are bad they put it in stockings.

Gayety pleases more when we are assured that it does not cover carelessness.

-Mme. de Stael.

CALUMET BUSINESS LOCALS.

Miss Sara B. Cameron, who has just completed one year's study at the University School of Music at Ann Arbor and has a certificate from that institu tion, is prepared to give lessons in instrumental and vocal music. For particulars apply at the residence of Captain Cameron, No. 9, Mine street.

'God be thanked, the meanest of His crea-tures
Boasts two soul-sides, one to face the world with,
One to show a woman when he loves her!"

Of course you possess the one, but the other to present to the woman you love, can only be procured by a visit to the studio of Vic Herman.

The Phonix Hotel, Eagle River, ha been thrown open to the public with Mr. Daley as proprietor, who is now prepared to receive guests, who will receive the best accommodations in Keweenaw county. Large, well ventilated rooms, the best of board, good stabling for horses, etc. Without doubt the Phenix is the best hotel in the county.

Michigan Dye Works.

The Michigan dye works, with office nd work rooms opposite Ryan's store, Red Jacket, is the only prominent dye house in the copper country. We clean men's suits and overcoats, ladies' dresses, siks, feathers, chenile curtains, lace, gloves, kid shoes and lurs. We can dye vool or cotton in forty-two of the standard colors. Repairing and alterations neatly done and at low prices. Leave your orders at the office or send postal card and same will receive prompt attention. Remember we have no agents; a reward of \$10 will be given to anyone that will lead to the conviction of parties representing themselves as our agents. G. Ozzek Proprietor.

OLD FASHIONED LOVE.

We are "so out of date," they say,

Ned and I. We love in an old fashioned way, Long since gone by. He says I am his belpmate true In everything, and I—well, I will own to you He is my king.

We met in no romantic way
"Twist" glow and gloom."
He wood me on a winter day
And to—a room.
Yet through life's hours of stress and
storm
When griefs befelf.
Love hapteour small home corner warm,
And all free well.

Ned thinks no woman like his wife.
But let that pass.
Perhaps we stow the dual life
Through reseate glass.
Even if the prospects be not bright
We hold it true
The heaviest burdens may grow light
When shared by two.
—Philadelphia Times.

A FLYING MARRIAGE.

"Buckle, sir-the Rev. Dr. Buckle," h said, leaning over the back of the seat be-fore me and greeping my hand heartlly.

"Glad to knew you," I replied. "Indeed I've been longing for some one to talk to,

for it seems to me that this journey is in-

Slow train-bad road," said my ner made friend, throwing his high hat on the hack of his head and biting the end off a cigar. "Oh, I see you smoke. Don't fill your pipe. Take one of these—excellent—made by a member of my congregation."

Even had not experience taught me to refuse cigars offered by elergymen, and in particular elergymen with solid white ties, I would have declined the moidy looking weed that the dector hald toward me.

particular elergymen with solid white ties, I would have declined the moldy looking weed that the doctor held toward me.

"I only smoke a pipe," I said, stretching the truth a little that he might not feel offended. Then I pressed my face against the window and peered out into the dismal country through which we were running. Now we were plunging through lonely stretches of dark woods, now running across wide reaches of newly cleared fields, with here and there a log house rising above the wasto of fallen trees, just visible in the half light of the moon which was rising above the mountains a few miles away. Following us as we spun along was a white, smooth road that glistened in the moonlight close to the track. Once in awhile we lost it in the darkness of the woods, but as quickly as we emerged into the more open country we could see it as our side again, hugging us close, which, I reflected, was but natural in such a dreary land.

"Fine country, eh?" said Dr. Buckle, "I don't think, as my third son, a clever lad, if there ever was one, says. It just happens that I know this region pretty well. There! Did you see that place where the road crossed a creek on a wooden bridge? That was where they dropped me."
"Dropped you?" I ventured inquiringly.

me."
"Dropped you!" I ventured inquiringly.
"Pardon me. I thought that I had been talling you about it," returned the minister, tilting his tile still further back on his head. "What memories the sight of that place engenders! You see, sir, some ten years ago I had a charge in this very locality—at Poleville, five miles down the road. There were two churches, one at the village and the other back in the country some six miles, and I alternated between village and the other back in the country some six miles, and I alternated between them. The charge was indeed a poor one, but I was a struggling young divine then, with a wife and four little ones to support, and I was glad enough to have a snug parsonage, a milary of \$500 per year and an average of three donation parties per annum. It was the salary question that eventually drove me away from the place—a change for the better, to be sure, as I have now a splendid church in Funk.

place—a change for the better, to be sure, as I have now a splendid church in Punkington. By the bye, I wish, if you ever stop there, you would give us a call and see our new pulpit furniture."

"But your story?" I interrupted, for I saw that he was prone to wander from the subject of his discourse.

"Ah! There I was forgetting my tale to speak of pulpit trappings. Your pardon. The trouble was that fully four-fifths of my majary was cald by two families, both my salary was paid by two families, both wealthy farmers, the Bunders and the my salary was paid by two lamiles, both wealthy farmers, the Bunders and the Springhouses. Unfortunately for me these families had been at odds for years ever a matter of a line fence. In the west there would have been some lead exchanged, but this is a peaceable country, and so they contented themselves by quarreling in court and never naming a word elsewhere. matter of a line fence. In the west there would have been some lead exchanged, but this is a peaceable country, and so they contented themselves by quarreling in court and never passing a word elsewhere. To the rule, however, there was one exception—Henry Bunder and Kate Springhouse."

The doctor was evincing such garrulity that I feit a little uneasy and broke again the thread of his story.

"See here. I think I know the rest.

"See here. I think I know the rest. They sang in the same choir; they loved; you married them clandestinely; salary out off; left you a parsonage, \$500 per year and three donation parties."

"True, true," said the divine, stroking his long beard, "but that was not what I was going to tell you about. I proposed to relate the events as they affected me and not the young couple—to tell you how the wedding ended where the road crossed the bridge. May I go on?"

"By all means. Your pardon. I believed that I had divined your tale."

"In general, yes; in detail, no. But to continue. I was not aware of this exception until one October night just about ten years ago, when a loud banging at the parsonage door awakened my wife and me from our steep. At my request Mrs. Buckle went down stairs to see what it was.

"'Who is there!' she called through the keyhole.

"'Who is there?' she called through the keyhole.
"'John Bunder, 'came the answer, 'and he wants Prescher Buckle pretty quick too."
"Believing it a matter of importance, my wife rashly called me down stairs to attend to the matter in hand, while she retired. And still more rashly, I opened the door a crack and demanded to know what was wanted at such an hour.
"'It's John Bunder and Kate Springhouse wants you marry 'em, prescher.'

house wants you marry 'em, preacher,' said the big fellow whom I saw stamping to and fro on the porch. 'And you'll have to do it quick.'
"'Indeed,' says I, 'and this is a nice hour to waks an honest preacher for such

hour to wake an honest preacher for such a purpose.

And then, my curlosity getting the better of my discretion, I unchained the door and opened wider the crack that I might obtain a good view of the party at the gate. There were three of them sitting in a light spring wagon, to which were attached two lively mules. In the moonlight I could just discern the small form of Kate Spring house, clad in white and seated in front beside her burly lover, young Bunder. I realised at once that this wedding was fraught with not a little danger to me, and hence decided to act cautiously.

"'I would prefer that you and your friends would go elsewhere,' I said to the man satisfe. 'For instance, over the mountains to Brother'—

"Before I had finished my objection the girl screamed, 'They're coming!' The big follow on the porch threw his weight against the door with such violence that I, small man as I am, flew hookward to the door with such force as to partially stun me. When I recovered my senses, I found mysulf on the hind seas of the wagon, with a man at either side, and Henry Bunder, this sweetheart clinging to him, before me, madly lashing the maies.

"He has come to,' one of the men whispered.

"Eate Springhouse gave a little scream

"'I hear them, he said, but we will be

"As I sat there in that rough, rushing, bounding wagon, hatless with no protection from the autumn winds other than a light borse blanket my kidnapers had thrown about me, the words of an old sermon of mine came back to me, bringing endless comfort. It was from the first clause of Proverbs, i, 17, Better is a dry morsel. In that discourse I made a point of the fact that anything is better than nothing, that as we are is better than no being; that better is a dry morsel than no morsel. Now if you refer back to I Kings

"Excuse me for interrupting, doctor!"
I exclaimed, "But I shall certainly attend
church in Punkington to bear your discourse, but for the present about this
clopement."

course, but for the present about this elopement."

"Pardon, pardon!" said the minister, relighting his eigar. "I was wandering to be sure. The young people lost no time in explaining what was wanted, and I, realizing that the quicker it was done the closer to home they would leave me, was not unwilling to begin. We had by this time struck into this road that we are following and were swinging along at a steady run. The light wagon awayed to and froso that I had difficulty in retaining my feet when I stood up to perform the ceremony. The bride and groom remained scated, for the latter was busy with the driving. Scarcely had the first words left my mouth when we heard behind us a faint call to stop, and surning I saw a buckboard, drawn by two dashing horses, just appearing into view over the brow of just appearing into view over the brow of the bill a quarter of a mile behind I saw the moonlight gleam on something that savored of guns, and a cold chill crupt over

savored of guns, and a cold chill crept over my frame.

"It's pa!' exclaimed the bride. 'But go ahead, Mr. Buckle. It will do no good to let your teeth chatter.'

"My teeth did chatter, and with cause, for, besides the scantiness of my garb, the persons following us fired a gun. I heard the report and ducked, and I am positive that a bullet whistied a few inches above my head, with that peculiar sound we read so much of in war history. The marriage ceremony is really very short, but performed under such conditions it seemed to me endless. But at length it was done.

"I suppose you will let me off now.' I said, for I could hear clearer than ever the clatter of horses' feet behind us and knew that our pursuers were closing. I did not want to witness the meeting.

"Not just yet, doctor,' said one of the big fellows at my side. The marriage certificate next, and the heaviest signs first." And with that he drew from his pocket the needed paper. Mary Springhouse put her name in the proper place and then her manne in the proper place and then her manne in the proper place and then her name in the proper place and then the the proper place and then the place place

"And with that he drew from his pocket the needed paper. Mary Springhouse put her name in the proper place, and then young Bunder signed. The rattle of wheels came louder, but we were in the woods and could not see the pursuers. "'My turn next,' says I, seising the

"'Ny turn next, says I, seising the pencil from the groom.

"'Not on your life" yells the big fellow who held me. 'Heaviest first.'

"And with that he seized the certificate and pencil and witnessed the paper. Then he leaped off behind and disappeared in the woods. We had emerged into that clearing where you saw the bridge when a call to stop came to us again. I dared not call to stop came to us again. I dared not look back, but I saw the whip fall on the look back, but I saw the whip fall on the mules, and they plunged forward with a lightened load, for the second witness had signed and left us. There was a report, and again I seemed to hear the whistling builet intended for the groom, a fact that caused me to involuntarily start to jump, to find my escape balked, for the bride clung fast to my bianket.

"'Sign the certificate,' she screamed.
"I signed—a very peculiar signature to

"I signed—a very peculiar signature to be sure, but it satisfied her, and she expressed her satisfaction by giving me a push that sent me flying from the vehicle into the road by the bridge.

into the road by the bridge.

"When I regained my senses, I was lying in the ditch at the roadside, my feet partially immersed in the waters of the creek. My position was such that my prostrate body could not have been seen from the road, and the pursuers must have driven by the spot, little suspecting that one of the chief and most unwilling actors of the drama lay bleeding within a few feet of them. For bleeding I was. My head was badly cut, my back and sides bruised so that every step caused me misery. I listened attentively, but heard no sound of hoofs or wheels and so determined that the pursuit was now far away. Weary,

Buckle."
"Did Henry and Kate get away safely, docfor?" I asked.
"Yes, they did," was the reply. "That was why I got away too. The little affair created such enmity between the two families and myself that they refused to contribute longer to the church. But as Solo-mon says in Proverbs v, and"— "Punk-ling-ton!" bawled the brakeman.

banging the door open.

I did not hear the verse from my com panion, for it was lost in the clanging of bells, scrape of brakes and the scuille of

bells, scrape of brakes and the scume of passengers' feet.

"I've enjoyed meeting you immensely, sir," said the divine, seizing my hand. "I hope we will see you at our church if you ever stop here. Goodby!"

And he was gone. I sighed and relight-ed my pipe.—New York Sun.

He Was In Such a Hurry. A friend who hailed recently from Cairo told me this tale, as an illustra-

Cairo told me this tale, as an illustra-tion of the dilatory ways of Arabian trades people:

"A certain gentleman ordered a swing to be erected in his garden for the use of his little boy, aged 6. He waited and waited, but the swing never arrived. In due course of time that boy grew up to man's estate, and became

arrived. In due course of time that boy grew up to man's estate, and became himself the father of a little boy.

"When his son was 6 years old, he remembered how his own father had ordered a swing to be made for him. So he called on the tradesman, who lived at his gate, and asked him to send up the swing that had been ordered 20 years before. The man agreed to do so.

"The little boy, becoming impatient after three weeks, his father called again, and remonstrated with the Arabian as to his dilatoriness. The indignant tradesman replied that he could not really undertake to serve any one who was in such a fearful hurry."—London Gentlewoman.

An amusing story is going the rounds about a certain actor, who shall be nameless, but who imagines himself a lady killer. This artist, whom we call Y., is a member of a club to which a fellow actor, Z., also belongs. Y.'s letters were put in the Z box, and Z., without looking at the address, opened one by mistake. It was a letter from a tailor of the usual character. Shocked at his mistake, Z. hastily resealed the letter and put it in Y.'s box. Soon afterward Y. came in, opened the letter, glanced triumphantly round and exclaimed, "Stily little girl!"—Pearson's Weekly.

A story is told of a now famous American artist vho was seen one day during his struggling days in Paris with his clothes in the last stage of dissolution and his shoes tied up with twine. But there was a wild gleam in his eye. "I've got \$100," he shouted to a friend across the street, quite oblivious of the crowd, "\$100, and I'm going to buy some shoestrings."

Highest of all in Leavening Power.-Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

al Baking Powder

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

Topic For the Week Beginning July 26. Comment by Rev. S. H. Doyle, Topic.—Claiming the promises.—Iss. xl, 25-II. (A promise meeting.)

L (A promise meeting.)
The Bible teems with precious prom ises of God to His people. The most precious thing about all these promises is the absolute certainty that they will be fulfilled. "God is not a man, that He should lie; neither the Son of Man, that He should repent." Some promises are unconditional, and they will be un-conditionally fulfilled. Other promises are conditional, and they are absolutely certain of fulfillment if the conditions are fulfilled.

The importance of claiming the promses of God is apparent to all. Unless we claim them they will not be fulfilled toward us, and therefore might as well have never been given so far as we are concerned. To have the possibility of power and not to use it avails us no more than if we did not have it. The power may be there, but the important thing is to use it.

We are encouraged to claim the promises of God for two reasons. 1. Because God has the power and ability to fulfill all he has promised. If one would promise us \$1,000 who did not actually possess 1,000 cents, it would be useless to claim that promise. God has promised and he has the ability to fulfill all He has promised. This fact Isaiah impresses upon Israel to lead them to wait upon the Lord in their trouble. God is not an idol made by man's hands. He is everlasting, the Creator, the Unwearied. He has made all things and controls all things. His power is unlimitable. 2. We are encouraged to claim God's promises because God is not only able, but willing to fulfill them. The prophet calls him "Unwearted." Men may be-come weary of the petitions and re-quests of their friends, but God is so willing to help His own that He never wearies. He has said through Christ, "Ask and ye shall receive; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you." And again Christ has told us that His Heavenly Father is more willing to give His Spirit to those that ask Him than earthly parents are to

give good gifts to their children. God has the power. God is willing. It all rests with us. Do we believe God's promises? Do we act as if we believed them? Do we claim their fulfillment? If we do not we should. Let us take God at His word, and in trouble, in dis couragement, in temptation, let us wait upon the Lord and renew our strength.

Bible Readings.—Gen. xxxii, 9-12 Num. xxiii, 19; Deut. vii, 9; Joshua xxiii, 14; Ps. lxxxix, 1-5; Isa. xliii, 26; Rom. i, 1-3; Gal. iii, 21; Eph. iii, 6.

7; Titus i, 1, 2; Heb. vi, 17; viii, 6; x, 28; II Pet. i, 4. Christian Martyrs

summary of the ways in which some early disciples are said to have met death is given as follows by The Religious Herald: Matthew is supposed to have suffered nartyrdom or to have been slain with

he sword at the city of Ethiopia. Mark was dragged through the street of Alexandria, in Egypt, till he expired. Luke was hanged upon an olive tree

in Greece. John was put into a caldron of boiling oil at Rome, but escaped death. He afterward died a natural death at Ephesus,

James the Great was beheaded at

James the Less was thrown from a nacle or wing of the temple and then centen to death with a fuller's club.

Philip was hanged up against a pillar at Hieropolis, a city of Phrygia.

Bartholomew was flayed alive by the command of a barbarous king.

Andrew was bound to a cross, whence he preached unto the people till he ex-pired. Thomas was run through the body

with a lance at Coromandel, in the East Indies.

Jude was shot to death with arrows. Simon the Zealot was crucified in

Matthias was first stoned and then beheaded.

Barnabas was stoned to death by Jews Paul was beheaded at Rome by the tyrant Nero.

Honestly Laying Hold of Him.

On the other hand, if we have hon-estly laid hold on Christ, even though our faith has reached only to the hem of His garment, like the sick woman, we are made whole, and from the somber seenes of the passion we can go on joyfully to participate in the brightness of the resurrection, while with steadfast eye we look for Him to appear with all His saints.—Episcopal Recorder.

Truth demonstrates its genuineness by its wholesome effect upon men—by the fact that it makes men better and happier. Falsehood does the very oppo-site of this.—Religious Telescope.

Virtue, if not in action, is a vice, and when we move not forward we go backward.—Loth.

A sunbeam sent out on a mission Came down to the earth in its flight. It thought not to question the order, But spel on the wings of the light. It found in the crest of a snowdrift
A white flake and quick to it flow,
And then not a moment it lingered
Nor wondered what others might do,

Purpose.

But down on the snowflake's soft bosom. Its glow and its warmth did it lay And kissed the white wings of the beauty Until they were melted away. When, lo! in the pince of the snowflake A drop of pure water hung there And just for a moment reflected The face of the sunbeam so fair.

Then dropped to the rill as it rippled And joined with the thomsands in stro Which flowed that day from the snowdri The work of the countiess sunbeams.

At length the great snowdrift was melted,
The race to the sea had begun,
And up in its place sprang sweet flowers—
Behold what the sunbasms had done!
—Pierson H. Bristow.

ADDITIONAL CALUMET NEWS

For Pedro score cards and markers, go to the NEWS office.

FOR SALE-Lot located on Main street, Laurium. Apply at News office or dress, E. L. M., care of News.

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tries. Angel food, fruit cake always on band. Cream puffs Fridays and Satur-

The Rockford electric belt is meeting with the best of success. Call and examine it and get references. Office over Grand Union ten store Red Jacket, Mich. RUSSEL & BURSS

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ed colds.

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461 Pine Street. When we consider that the intestines are about five times as long as the body, we can realize the intense suffering experenced when they become inflamed. De-Witt's Colic and Cholera Cure subdues in-

flammation at once and completely removes the difficulty. EAGLE DRUG STORE.

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